



WINTER-1943

Coraddi

WOMAN'S COLLEGE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

WHAT PEOPLE MUST DO!

There are seven definite individual actions that will help hold prices down.

It is vital to the success of the anti-inflation program that every American read them, understand them, and put them into practice.

1. BUY ONLY WHAT YOU NEED.
2. PAY NO MORE THAN CEILING PRICES, BUY RATIONED GOODS ONLY WITH STAMPS.
3. SUPPORT HIGHER TAXES AND PAY THEM WILLINGLY.
4. PAY OFF OLD DEBTS AND AVOID MAKING NEW ONES.
5. DON'T ASK MORE MONEY FOR GOODS YOU SELL OR WORK YOU DO.
6. PROVIDE FOR THE FUTURE WITH ADEQUATE LIFE INSURANCE AND SAVINGS.
7. BUY ALL THE WAR BONDS YOU CAN AFFORD AND HOLD THEM.

The Army and the Marine Corps vie for the attention of Janet Baker, Junior. The Army is personified by Lt. William Stone and the Marine Corps by Lt. William Livingston. (Photo by Betty Baker)



C O R A D D I

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BREAKING GROUND

The newest furrow in the magazine was begun by Mary Ellen Purdy who does not find new fields too frightening. She is new to Woman's College but is not a neophyte to the Student Federalist Movement which she discusses in this issue. She is a graduate of Scarsdale High School where the movement was founded, has attended the national convention of Student Federalists in Chicago, has been editor of the Student Federalist Publication. Mary Ellen is sponsoring the "Union Now" movement on campus, and will be glad to discuss it with those interested.

New also to CORADDI is Ilene Isreal, whose short story, "A Wider World" draws its title from the wedding song "Because." Giving an old situation a fresh twist and adding a forceful ending evolves as "A Wider World." Although Ilene does not always retain Miss Higsby's point of view, her short trek behind the ribbon counter well merits the reader's attention.

Pat Rothrock, who, like Ilene, is a junior member of the Writing Workshop, breaks ground with "Are You a Major?" which has for an alternate title, "Is that Two Silver Bars I See?" Humorous, though a little weak in transition, "Are You A Major?" strikes a note that we wish we might reproduce more in CORADDI.

We have nothing to say about Elizabeth Dilts' contributions. They are. "The Sound of Eternity" has it, we think.

The frontispiece as a photograph is new to the magazine. Betty Bostian captures the late autumn mood of the campus. Rufus, the CORADDI cat, commented in characteristic manner: "Mighty small pile of leaves for all those girls to be raking."

The biggest bone of CORADDI contention has been the poetry. This time, since we have tried to please everybody and ourselves too, probably no one will like it. There is variety in the selection of verse this issue, with new poets supplementing the old ones in answer to the Muse. Emily Vann and Maudie Wenkenbach lend provocative notes in their contributions, as does Betty Styron. Jean Jorgenson re-enters with more firm a tread,

more sure a tone. There is restraint in "Circle," but no lack in telling phrases—"Therefore I am a Republican" rings bells for us, somehow, as does Nancy Kirby's explanation of motivation. CORADDI is glad that Jean Moomau came here to school. Too many of the literary conscious at the Woman's College dissolve in obscurities, and think in staccato. "And With Each Spring" is sure and clean in word and image, and some think better than her last contribution, "Passage To God."

We have had requests for the verse of Bonnie McCloy. Bonnie is a prodigious versifier as well as an ambitious one, and CORADDI is glad to exclaim with the Secretary of Quill Club, "Who cares what the day may bring!"

Camp to Campus, always one of our favorite features, this time seems a little better than usual. Eleanor Dare Taylor's selection of the letters, and Joan Weil's illustrations combine to present this page of excerpts from letters written by members of the armed forces to the girls on campus.

Last year the editorial staff of CORADDI agreed that a little humor would not be out of order in the magazine. Embryo of this idea was "Faculty Footnotes" aiming to show that "silvery peals of laughter" do occasionally ring out in the class room. Andora Hodgkin illustrates this aptly in her cross section of class room wit.

In her illustration for "The Sound of Eternity" Henriette Manget has caught the spirit of Dilts' heroine—her acceptance of life complemented by a fundamental self-sureness. Henriette is a junior art major and one of CORADDI's art editors.

Joan Weil produces what we like to print. In the last issue, we said that she was a senior. It was just that she emanates that complete out-of-this worldiness which we rarely associate with juniors. She gives dash and flavor to Pat Rothrock's piece with her illustrations of the history major and the physical education majors.

P.S.—If the smile in the eye of Cover Gal Janet Baker seems to have a little personal element directed toward Bill Stone, it is because it has.

THE SOUND OF ETERNITY

By ELIZABETH DILTS

Edward looked at his orange juice with distaste. "Oh, all right!" he said. He drank it quickly and scowled; then he kissed Victoria and went to the chair in the living room where his coat and books were. "Do you have your glasses?" she called, "And your lunch money?" He dropped a "Yeah!" and left it hanging there as he dashed out. Miriam finished her cereal. Her face looked childishly puffy, the way it always did in the morning. She stood, stretched, kissed Victoria, said "Bye, Mother," and left. Nathan had gone nearly an hour ago; he had finished his coffee and said, "At eight o'clock on Monday morning, teaching is a noble profession." So Victoria was alone with the breakfast dishes and her second cup of coffee and the morning sunshine across the table.

She went into the living room and took two cigarettes out of the box on the coffee table. Going back to the breakfast room, she thought, Mrs. Pepys didn't have tobacco to fall back on. She wondered about coffee. Hello, Mrs. Pepys, would you like a second cup of coffee? Won't you join us, Mrs. Thackeray? No, really, there's plenty. You don't have to hurry; we have eternity. Canby said Nathan's book had the sound of eternity. It was in the *Saturday Review* last week—did you happen to read it?

The other reviews were favorable, too—the *Times* and the *Tribune*, even the *New Yorker*, and *Publishers' Weekly* and the *Atlantic*. The local *Clarion* was good, of course, and the New York Sunday editions; then the weeklies and the monthlies. Gentlemen and scholars all: "Classic," they pronounced. "After *Stephen Finney* and *Blood of Battle*, Nathan Ewing's latest offering establishes him as one of the leading literary figures of the twentieth century." And Canby said, "Nathan Ewing has the sound of eternity."

"The sound of eternity," Victoria said to the coffee pot. College catalogues would say, "English 265: Twentieth-century prose. Dos Passos, Joyce, Rawlings, Ewing," and there would be ninety-five cent editions in the second-hand book shop. Eternity: maybe even a separate course. Maybe two terms. What is your field, Doctor? The twentieth century. I wrote my dissertation on Ewing . . . Brilliant young fellow—follower of Ewing. Leading authority on Ewing.

Victoria made herself a piece of toast and buttered it with what Nathan had left on his plate. The door bell rang; it was the laundry man. She gave him the bundle and returned a sock they'd sent last week by mistake. "Thank you, Mrs. Ewing," the man said. She smiled and watched him go down the sidewalk. Be careful of those shirts, she thought of saying. And those sheets. Eternity sleeps on those sheets. The man threw the bundle into the truck and drove to the next house. Victoria returned to her coffee and toast. Hello, Mrs. Johnson, she said silently, lifting her cup. Does Samuel wear as many shirts a week as Nathan? I have to tell them not to starch the collars.



Victoria put out her cigarette and stacked the dishes. Spring was beginning; remember to get Jason to fix the lawn and spade the garden when it thawed. But no—not this year. She looked out of the kitchen window at the trees and thought, with a sort of rueful triumph, Congratulations, Victoria. You forgot it for nearly ten hours. Ten hours without considering what should be shipped first or what to do about the golf clubs. Nathan's biographer—he would have a biographer, of course—would say, "In 1940, Ewing left his post at the University and went to New York to take up the editorship of the *Columbian*." He would not add that they went to the city in February to find an apartment and that Mrs. Ewing wore herself out packing the family's worldly goods and arranging for the children's transfer to a new school and shuddered at the thought of entertaining urban literatti. In *Who's Who* it would sound so simple: "Ewing, Nathan . . . Instructor, associate professor of English, Fleet University, 1932-40; editor, the *Columbian*, 1940—." Well, other people moved, other people who were Who, and for that matter, people who weren't: People who would get old and die and be tombstones, instead of Eternal. Don't feel bad about it, you tombstones. You helped us a lot. You did our laundry and spaded our gardens and took care of the children while we went to banquets; furthermore you moved our furniture and bought our books (a few of you) and shook hands with us and became characters in our stories. You see? We are making

you Eternal, too. Be a character, and you too can be the life of the party.

She put the dishes away and went upstairs to make the beds. She did Edward's first because his room was always worst, his clothes puddles of disorder on the floor, model aeroplane parts strewn over his desk and dresser. The solid models were worst, because they entailed whittling. Two finished models were on top of the bookshelf, delicate, paper-covered things. And how are we going to get those to New York? Victoria thought in sudden consternation. And if we don't, how are we going to appease Edward? She sighed and hung his pajamas in the closet. Edward had said, "Mother, we won't have a yard, will we?"

"No," she had said, and, "We'll miss it, won't we?"

"Yeah . . ." Period of reflection; then, "Mother, when I get so I can find my way around New York pretty well, I'm going to get Carl to come and visit me. We can go out to LaGuardia Field and watch the planes all day. Can we, Mother?"

"May we." We'll see when we get settled. There'll be such a lot of things we can do."

Yes, Edward, you have the idea. Forget about the yard and the Dorothy Perkins roses and badminton tournaments in the summer and swimming in the University pool on Wednesdays. Victoria went into Miriam's room. And Miriam, with her piano lessons and her little compositions, she added to herself; Miriam, with the beginnings of beauty and long, mysterious day-dreams; she will grow into a glamour girl from a medium-priced novel. Well, maybe not; but *Who's Who* would say merely, "Children: Edward Nash and Miriam Carlton."

Yes, and I'll have a notice, too, she added, going into the master bedroom. "Married, 1930, Victoria Carlton." Period. Well, that's all that matters. They couldn't say, could they, that Victoria was secretary to a professor and Nathan went to see him, but he wasn't in, so Nathan had to come back, and he and the professor's secretary—that's me, folks—got to talking and went out to dinner together, and then—no; no, that wouldn't do. It will even, Victoria thought sadly, make tiring reading in the biography. Boy meets girl, boy gets girl—no complications. A biographer would not even take the trouble to figure out that Nathan had been gentle and thoughtful always, that he made love with the same concentrated care he used when he faced a class or established a theory or worked on a novel. No, that's something eternity won't bother about. If there were an illicit love affair it would be different. They'd publish letters. Victoria smiled and smoothed the bedspread over Nathan's pillow. Poor Nathan, he could have written such beautiful illicit love letters. No, the sophomores of eternity, if they gave it any thought, would probably think that Nathan Ewing, personally, was a dud. She could hear a sophomore voice saying "Dull tool!" but Eternity would, of course, date that expression. She must remember to save them a good picture for the biography, because Nathan was good-looking, in a way, with deepset eyes and a heavy sort of head and thick hair.

She went downstairs and stood uncertainly in the hall. She had to start packing today, because the movers would come in only a week. Some

things would have to be stored. She went to the big catch-all closet under the stairs and began taking things out. They were dusty, after standing all winter—summer things, the badminton set and the tennis racquets and the picnic equipment. Badminton and picnics and sunshine and polo shirts and bare legs would be out in New York. This comes in the course of a great man's life, Victoria reasoned, sneezing as she brought a box down from the shelf. Did you want him to be stuck here for the rest of his life? Come on, now, Mrs. Ewing, a little pride, there—that's right. After all, this is part of the clutch for Eternity, this moving to the Mecca of the literary world. It's like typing the Master's thesis in that hot little room in a boarding house. Hello, Mrs. Goldsmith; did Oliver take graduate work in summer school? Was it the hottest summer on record, and did you have a furnished room under a tin roof? We don't know, Mrs. Goldsmith; they don't tell us things like that. Was there a Mrs. Goldsmith? See—we don't know, and there probably was—a nice, dutiful little wife, somewhere in the background. Mrs. Coleridge, did Samuel stay up all night writing, ever, and then have a headache and cut his classes the next day?

Victoria decided to take the tennis things and part of the picnic kit. She stacked them accordingly. The people next door could have the croquet set and the garden tools. They were nice people, tombstones, ultimately, but good neighbors nonetheless. In their family history they could record that they had been good friends of Nathan Ewing—the Nathan Ewing. And you, the skinny lady in the hopeless hat, who were you? I was his wife. Nathan Ewing's wife! How does it feel to be the wife of a great author? Well, it was fun, and Nathan helped a lot.

Victoria surveyed the piles of boxes—this for the movers, that for the neighbors. Moving more slowly than when she was working, she took her old polo coat, the one she couldn't take to New York, and put it on. Then she lit a cigarette and went out into the chill east wind, over to the bird-bath at the edge of the yard. She leaned against it and smoked.

Yes, it was fun. You can tell them that it was fun. It was worth it. Wasn't it worth it, Mrs. Pepys? Typing the manuscripts (until he got an amanuensis) and moving and getting up for early breakfasts before the eight o'clocks and the cold house in Onsabruech during the leave-of-absence and Nathan's headaches when he worked all night, all of it, even without Eternity.

Before I die, thought Victoria, shivering a little in the wind, before I die I'm going to write it down. I owe it to them, Mrs. Dickens and Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Galsworthy—the sewing circle of Eternity, the ones they don't know about because they kept their husbands' shirts in order and brought up their families. I'm going to say that I didn't want to go to New York, too.

It was almost spring, and the sunlight warmed the top of her hair and her shoulders, and her mind became pleasantly vacant. I shall stand here as long as I want to, she said to herself. I don't think I shall pack any more today. She knew, of course, that she would begin on the upstairs storage closet when her cigarette was smoked.

THE FEDERAL UNION IDEA

By MARY ELLEN PURDY

Last winter a group of Student Federalists was awaiting the arrival of Miss Hilda Yen at Union House in New York City. As they gazed through the snow which fell like old lace past a large window, they wondered about the young Chinese woman. They knew this much about her: she had flown to the United States with Madame Chiang Kai-shek, and she was to speak to them about China and the Federal Union idea. In a few moments she came and completely captivated the students with her warmth and loveliness. This was one year ago.

Having looked so long at the white snow, it was lovely to see Hilda Yen's thick black hair, the two tones of lavender in her Chinese gown, and the deep green of her jade ring; but the facts of her recent years in China became imprinted more deeply upon the students' minds than her beauty. She relieved the starkness of what she had to tell about the Japanese occupation of Hong Kong with her smile. Her vivacity in describing air-raids was true to the Chinese character which turns funerals to celebrations. Telling of the Japanese occupation of Hong Kong, however, and the recollection of its horrors—including the loss of her parents—began to weigh upon her heart. Trying to soothe her, one of the students asked how she had first become interested in the Federal Union idea. The question worked like a charm; and in answering it, she became gay again.

Since the students listening to Hilda Yen had pioneered to win the peace at a period when few Americans knew about Federal Union, they were anxious to discover how a woman from China had heard of their plan and what she thought about it. There was complete silence as Hilda Yen told the following story:

"Having experienced living death in a building beside a bomb-target during the Japanese air-raid on Hong Kong, I should have been ready to accept the Japanese terms of peace; but the air-raid had burned into me a desire for true peace and the principles at stake in this war. I decided to attempt an escape into Free China. After my friends had harbored me in their homes. I at last gained outlet from the city of Hong Kong.

"Hiring coolies for transportation into the Chinese interior, I rode with my countrymen in a long line of chairs. Each dawn when the chain of chairs rose on its way over the mountains, the dark figures made a moving silhouette against the scarlet sky and were reflected in the flooded rice fields of the valleys. As each day wore on and I grew tired of looking at the scenery, I would draw forth from my pocket a book given to me by a friend before I left Hong Kong. This book was *Union Now* by Clarence Streit.

"As all of you know, Clarence Streit was a *New York Times* correspondent in Geneva, before the outbreak of World War II. He saw the reasons for the failure of the League of

Nations and developed the idea of applying federal principles on an international scale. His plan to lay the basis for a future democratic world government by uniting those nations ready now in a union of the free seemed so reasonable to me that I resolved to become a member of the Federal Union movement at my first opportunity. When I arrived in the United States with Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the first thing I did was to join the Federalists in their educational campaign. That is why I am speaking to you for the Federal Union idea at Union House today.

"The need for some means of preventing world wars is made apparent by the present holocaust. The Federal Union idea is being propounded at this time to answer that need. The idea is, however, no mushroom sprung up with the bad weather, nor is it new. If the ancient Greeks had followed their leaders who advocated union, their city-states might have survived to this day. Instead they chose the Confederacy of Delos and the road to dissolution. The states of America were on the brink of a similar fate under the Articles of Confederation, but at the critical moment they put bickering behind them and rallied to the Federalist cause. Yours, the first great federation, was followed by other successful federations in Australia, Brazil, Canada, and the Union of South Africa.

"Since we have seen that the Federal Union idea has been tried and tested in the past and found to work every time, we should unite the nations now under federal government. That we should unite them under some form of government is obvious; for improved means of transportation and communication have made one community of the world; and history shows that where there is anarchy in any community, there is war. In ancient days when the community unit was the kingdom, there was no longer war between the tribes which had gone to make up the kingdom; but there was war between kingdoms. When the kingdoms united into nations, there was no longer war between kingdoms; but there was war between nations. When we unite the nations, there will be peace between the nations.

"The question then is not should there be a world government, but what kind of world government should there be. Federal government is the kind which is best for uniting groups with different languages, ancestry, and culture; because it allows the groups to retain their local self-government and customs. At the same time its police force and congress or parliament with complete power in the international field give it the strength to preserve peace. More important yet, Federal Union is a democratic type of government. Its congress or parliament is composed of representatives of the people. In a word, the federal type of government is ideal.

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AND WITH EACH SPRING

By JEAN MOOMAU

I.

Fresh and green the point lay in the sound, and the salt waves lapped against its shore as the tide drifted in and out.

Grey sand lined the beach, furrowed and ripply it was, molded by the force of the breakers.

Above, the white-feathered sea gulls soared and glided in flocks of outstretched wings silhouetted against the sky.

The gulls waded by the water's edge leaving the print of their claw-like feet, scattering the scraps of the fish they had caught.

Their wet wings glistened crystal lights in the sun as they pecked at the clam shells and the blue mussels.

Behind the beach were the rocks, huge and high, some black, some tan or grey; some rough and sharp-edged, some smooth and round-edged.

All were covered with black and silver mica facets, and they blended with the yellow-green meadow and the hill that stretched beyond.

In the summer the marshy meadow was fresh, and the trees on the hill had waxy leaves and firm black bark.

Then in November the frost and a chill wind parched the leaves brown and shrivelled the long grass.

The dead leaves and grass scattered and settled in matted masses over the great rocks and the pale yellow and orange sea shells. The slimy seawood clung to the clam shell.

But in the winter the snow came. February drifts blanketed the whole land, and reefs of ice washed in with the tide and rested their massive crustiness on the shore.

Yet, in April a warm sun shone down on the white mass, and the melting snow trickled from the rocks over the pebbles carrying the dead leaves and grass, the tangled seaweed out to sea.

And with each spring, the point was green and fresh.

II.

One day a man in uniform raised a flagpole on the hill where the leaves were turning russet and gold, and the squirrels were already burying acorns in the ground.

The salty breeze blew in with the tide and whipped against the lone flag. A pink cloud splashed with purple curtained the horizon in the west.

Soon builders came in their blue overalls with nails sticking out of the pockets.

They drove their dented little trucks over the grass in the meadow. The tires left great ruts in the soft earth.

Long pine planks oozing with sap, thousands of them covered the meadow; and the smell of tar paper and turpentine was everywhere.

Overhead, the gulls flapped their wings and circled angrily. They called and scolded in raucous tones.

In swarms they landed on a long flat rock, but the next moment their leaders gave a warning cry, and they flew away to a sandbar.

Sounding and resounding, there was the metal clang of the hammer striking the nail. The beat was as steady as the splash of waves on the shore at high tide.

In the meadow, and on the hill where the barracks were to be, the builders cut down trees and planted foundations.

They uprooted the acorns the squirrels had hidden; they wore a dusty path where the black-eyed susans had grown.

Against a mackerel winter sky, the bare trees were grotesque; the meadow was dry and trampled-on; the hill a mass of shaggy broom sage hugging the corners of the barracks.

The earth was withered and old, but the snow came pure and penetrating. A white fluffiness covered the land.

And with each spring the point was green and fresh.

III.

Soldiers march on the point now. They leave a pattern of toe and heel marks in the sand.

The rocks echo the sound of marching feet, and the gulls answer with shrill calls the officer's command.

Cannons are mounted on the shore. All day they boom and cover the point with great puffs of blue-white smoke.

Their shots splash in the water forming, for a moment, deep black holes, and sending waves in a fountain-like spray. The gulls fly away.

Beneath the rows of barracks, hundreds of barracks, the meadow and the hill are just a dusty ring.

(Continued on page 19)

CAMP TO CAMPUS

AAF COLLEGE TRAINING DETACHMENT, KENT, O.

In classes we have civilian instructors, thank heaven. I'll learn more that way. If we had officers teaching us, it would seem too military—you'd feel that you were being forced to study.



SOMEWHERE IN ITALY.

We have accumulated enough material to build showers—hot water, too, from a furnace that we “found.” So today, after lunch and a shave, I went down for a shower, and, incidentally, the first in nearly two months—can you imagine? I was all soaped, and that's a wonderful feeling, especially when you're dissolving dirt collected from two continents—and, as fate would have it, over came Jerry, and I, as I was the day of my birth, started looking for my foxhole. Well, I had to start all over, but it was worth the trouble just to get two showers for the price of one. Funny, isn't it, how we miss the little things and don't worry a darn about our necks.

SOMEWHERE IN ITALY.

An order has been posted rescinding the fact that we can not say that we are in Italy. So here we have been. We only see the minute things that happen. You probably know more about the general situation than do we. We thought that we had seen people that were hard hit, but the condition of these people is far beyond the most vivid imagination of those of you who will never know the underside of this war. Can you imagine a place that has been war stripped for years, bombed by the Allies, invaded by the same, evacuated by the foe, and now being bombed by the Jerries? Oh, hell, it just all boils down to Sherman.

The thing that I can compare to our present status is that space between the frying pan and the . . .

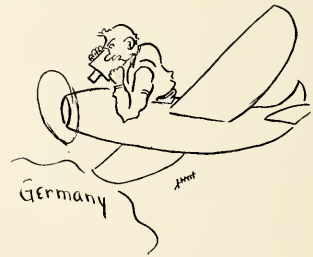
BAINBRIDGE, MD.

I am in basic engineering school, but you will have to ask somebody brighter than I what that kind of school is. I think it is working on Diesel motors.

PENSACOLA, FLA.

I had a wonderful pilot yesterday, and after we completed the assignment, he asked me to take over and fly the ship back to the field. I flew for 25 minutes, and really put that plane through her paces. It's hard to realize that I only have about five or six weeks to go and then I'll be in the thick of it again. I'm afraid that Germany will be through before I get over there.

It's all movie work from now on, and I love it. That has been my one goal, newsreel cameraman. We are offered a choice of duty when we leave here, and I have requested a combat photo unit located on the European continent. These units photograph all landing operations preparatory to and during an invasion. It offers a splendid opportunity for special assignments and parallels press work, as well as being extremely dangerous. I hope I don't sound too bloodthirsty, but I want to feel like I'm really doing something as long as I have to be in this anyway.



CAMP SHELBY, MISS.

“ . . . I've been sitting here thinking about the Army, soldiers and letters as I watch all these guys in the barracks writing away. I've concluded that, when it comes to receiving mail, I'm nearly as desperate as many of the others. I'd say everybody in the Army has a letter-writing fever of different degrees, however. It's nice getting a nod at mail-call, even if you know what you're receiving and don't particularly care about it. Thus, the main reason for the men writ-

ing is to receive. It's like a difficult puzzle to me and I'll, in time, develop it into a thesis—the "Anticipation of a G.I. Mail-Call." But it is really a marvel to witness the army's conscientious letter-writers. As mail is given first class preference by the army, second only to food, many soldiers rank writing letters next only to eating. I'm sure some write a few letters for the reason that they like to write; but the great majority begin answering letters hurriedly to receive more, and, in a short time, they've got a sense of duty mixed up with some sort of mental disposition, and they are promptly answering their many letters for fear of the



thought of being denied at mail-call and falling down on their end of the correspondence. So the process twirls faster and faster, with the outside correspondent spurred on only by sympathy for the man in uniform. Heaven forbid the letter written out of sympathy.

My best friend here will never plan an evening until after mail-call, so that he can know how much time to allot to writing. Some nights he doesn't "catch up" and writes after taps in the latrine or during the breaks the next morning. He's really a pitiful sight, when he gets, say, four letters at mail-call and is torn between delight on receiving letters and disgust at the thought of having to write, write, write.

I'm less advanced and half gone so far as to eliminate all letter-writing not directed to Greensboro or Chapel Hill. Save me from the fever that is so popular everywhere in the army. (This is a deep psychological problem which I'm sorry I mentioned.)

FORT DIX, NEW JERSEY.

Fort Dix is the nicest thing I've struck so far. The outfit is a good lot, well run, newly activated, and now flying B-25s, the bomber which did the job on Tokyo. They're sweet flying ships, long-ranging, easily handled, and very safe—even if one of the lads *did* pull up his wheels the other day, just as he was taking off, but before the ship was fully in the air. Net score: nobody hurt. Damage: nothing startling. It happens all the time while they're learning!

I have a corner room in the officer's quarters, facing the flight apron, and all night I can hear the roar of motors, and see men clambering all over the giant dragonflies, standing as if poised for flight. Very inspiring—wish you could see it.

Now that I've been an officer for awhile it seems to set very easily. It *is* nice to be a gentleman again, and that's the thing I notice most. We are responsible for our own actions and conduct, and our time is our own. Of course, most of the Air Corps personnel take a very keen interest in their work and the planes they fly, which is certainly a change from the lethargy, buck-passing, and don't-give-a-damn attitude I felt in the "army." The morale here is high, and we feel we're really doing something. In fact, at the risk of seeming immodest, I might say that some of the men firmly believe the tanks, the artillery and infantry exist merely to step in and clean up the job after the Air Corps has passed by!

HAWAII.

One of the men in our office is a native islander. The other day he was married, so I managed to drag out of him an invitation to his Luan (wedding feast) which followed. They had food galore—all eaten with the fingers—which I never did find any part of it edible. The roast pig wasn't bad, but much too fat. Poi, the native substitute for potatoes, looks like cream of wheat, only chocolate color, and tastes like what I imagine a sparrow's dinner would taste like back when they had horses pulling the beer wagons.



BOCA RATON, FLORIDA.

I'm quartered in the former Boca Raton Club, one of the most exclusive resorts on the Florida East Coast, thirty-five miles from Palm Beach. The club itself is a little Moorish style palace of about a thousand rooms, with flowering vines, quaint balconies, patios with trickling fountains,

(Continued on page 20)

A WIDER WORLD

By ILENE ISREAL

The patterns were up at one end of the ribbon and lace counter at which Miss Higsby worked. She always managed to serve customers nearest this end so that whenever she had a minute to spare she could look through the pattern books.

Of course she was going to buy a ready-made suit to be married in, but she and her mother and sister were going to make the rest of her clothes because it would be cheaper. Miss Higsby paused hungrily over the formal wedding gowns in her latest scrutiny, and then flipped hastily over to dressy informals.

Every once in a while she would cast a quick, casual glance at the ring on the third finger of her left hand. It was still so new that it clung heavily when she was conscious of it. When she infrequently forgot its presence, on recalling it, she would get a panicky feeling in her throat and would contrive to get her hand before her eyes without being conspicuous, in order to reassure herself of its glorious and sparkling presence.

Seeing Mr. Hastings, one of the floor supervisors, strolling in her general direction, Miss Higsby closed the pattern book and began straightening the roles of ribbon on the shelf behind the counter. She hated for him to catch her doing anything wrong. It was all right when he was brisk and impersonal, telling her to do things in a commanding tone, but when he singled out any of the girls for a lecture, his tone became brittle with contempt and he made truisms concerning their laziness and their mentality. Some of the girls would quit work after such a talk, some of them would "talk back" to him and all of them talked about him with vindictive hate behind his back.

Mr. Hastings passed by her now without stopping, and Miss Higsby's rigid body relaxed to its normal slouch. Customers suddenly appeared before her momentarily quiet counter, and she was kept busy pulling out rolls of ribbon, measuring, and matching colors . . .

It was four o'clock, and Miss Higsby had been standing on her feet measuring and unwinding ribbon for six hours. By this time each day she and her two friends on the counter were speaking to their customers in short impolite sentences, or laughing and talking together while uninterestedly ringing up money and throwing packages at the customers.

Miss Higsby's engagement ring had given her a new importance behind the counter. No longer was she forced to seek out the other two girls, now they came to her, respected her opinions, and asked her in giggly voices about Chub. Miss Higsby reveled in her new found importance and gave them intimate details of how Chub presented her with the ring; where they went, and what they did every night when he came for her after work.

They envied her with open and admiring frankness. After the first coy flash of the ring,

and the gushing, excited congratulations had been given, Emma Jean had asked about her future plans and Miss Higsby had admitted vaguely that she was not certain. May had said consolingly that it didn't matter. She wished, with enthusiastic profanity, that her boy friend would propose just so that she would have the satisfaction of telling old man Hastings to go to hell.

Facing Miss Higsby on the counter opposite stood Mrs. Roy Wilson, putting a paper of pins languidly in a bag for an impatient woman in a fur coat. She looked up from the cash register and winked at Miss Higsby. Two weeks ago she had been Katy Harrison and had never deigned to notice Miss Higsby. Now, being a bride of two weeks, and the heretofore undistinguished Miss Higsby on the verge of being one, she accepted her jovially.

Mrs. Wilson took care each day to make it clear to the other girls that she was only working till she and Roy finished paying for their furniture and till Roy got that new job. She explained proudly that Roy didn't want his wife to be working. It was a man's job to support his family.

Miss Higsby was not going to work either. She was going to keep house for Chub and just be waiting for him in a pretty dress when he came home every night. The rest of her ideas on married life were rather vague. She guessed it would mean always being with Chub and never having to worry about him going away from her. It meant they could always hold hands and kiss each other and she wouldn't have to be afraid her mother would come in and find her. It meant—Miss Higsby's mind clouded in hazy confusion at hinted mysteriousness. She knew she just loved Chub and they were going to be together forever in perfect happiness. She would never have to work any more and she was going to have heaps of clothes and they would invite all their friends to come to see them and go riding in the car and to the movies. She might even have a baby—Miss Higsby's mind swerved again in its Odyssey and she hastily began straightening the ribbons.

"Miss, have you any velvet ribbon about this shade?"

Miss Higsby sighed inaudibly and tiredly, almost insolently, reached out and took the sample of material from a plump gloved hand.

"Don't think so. Lemme look just a minnit." She turned her back on her customer, and leaning her back on the counter stared unseeingly at the coils of ribbons until her glance happened to fall on the blues.

"How's this?" she said putting two of the rolls before the woman.

The woman pulled on one of the rolls, unwinding several yards over the counter. "There isn't the slightest resemblance. Let me see that down there. No, not that one! Down lower! That's it. Let me have it."

Miss Higsby wearily lifted her arm, got the ribbon, handed it to the woman and stood idly weaving her fingers in and out of the loose ribbons on the counter.

"I'll have two yards of this."

Miss Higsby measured the ribbon. "That'll be a dime." She put the ribbon in a bag, holding it while the woman opened her purse and fumbled. One thing Miss Higsby knew—when she was married and could go shopping she was always going to have her money ready when the clerk wanted to collect it.

"Here you are," Miss Higsby was handed a dime.

"It's a penny tax, too," said Miss Higsby still holding firmly to the bag.

"Well, why didn't you say so?" The woman opened her purse again, fumbled some more and handed her the penny. Miss Higsby loosened her grip on the bag, and it was jerked from her hand.

A line of women now spread out before her along the counter. Emma Jean slid past her to get to the cash register and whispered in her ear, "Bunch of fat pigs." Miss Higsby giggled. She moved in back of Emma Jean at the cash register, ignoring several customers, to serve a girl standing by the pattern books.

"That's a real cute pattern," she said when the girl told her the pattern number. "I'm thinkin' of having one like that myself." She coyly turned the back of her hand up as she handed the girl her change.

"Say, that's some ring. Engaged?"

Miss Higsby blushed and nodded.

"Well, lots of luck," said the girl as she walked away.

Miss Higsby sluggishly went back to the monotonous ritual of obliging dozens of women. Their wants meant nothing to her, and it was hard to keep the joyous excitement of her new experience locked within her. She was now one of them; all the wonderful privileged people who held love and protection in their warm comfortable bodies. Miss Higsby had never known hate, but her fear and awe had now disappeared and left a warm kinship. She would soon be one of them. She wanted to tell them all, but she could only smile smugly, secretly, and besides it was late and she was tired.

Maggie Taylor banged her high school books on the counter, crushing the pink satin ribbons.

"What's this I been hearing, you old thing! Boy, oh boy, are you lucky! When's the weddin'? Lemme see your ring."

Miss Higsby held out her hand.

Maggie let out a low, admiring sigh. She held Miss Higsby's hand fondly. "Bet old Chub forked out plenty for this little rock," she confided.

Miss Higsby withdrew her hand and held it up in a graceful arch. "Darn tootin'. I told him I liked my things to be good. Not gonna catch me takin' any old cheap junk. I told him when I got married I was gonna get married right."

"Big church weddin'?" her friend said eagerly.

They were speaking in soft confidential tones, leaning face to face. Miss Higsby gazed nervously in either direction.

"I don't guess I will. Chub ain't much for big weddings. Anyway we want to start off right and use all that money on our house."

"You ain't so dumb, kid. I wish I could get somebody to marry me. Boy, I'd quit high school so fast—"

"Well, if you want a job," said Miss Higsby smugly, "you can have mine in a few weeks. Chub ain't going to let me work after we get married."

"You really got you a good husband, Marty. What are you going to do all day if you don't work?" Her voice dropped to even a lower whisper. "Bet I know what you're going to do all night, though."

She prodded her friend's arm with intimate heartiness. Miss Higsby blushed heatedly and kept her eyes from meeting Maggie's. She busied herself among the ribbons, carefully sorting the jumbled colors.

"You can have my job if you want it," she repeated. "Then you can quit school if you want to. I'll have enough to do keeping house," Miss Higsby stated with dignity.

Maggie viewed her with humbled admiration. "Lucky thing. Gosh, but I'm jealous. Give me another look at that sparkler. I've got to be going."

Miss Higsby held out her hand again, with a warm and cozy love for the whole human race filling her heart.

The store was beginning to quiet down. Miss Higsby glanced up at the clock. Only a half hour until closing time. She hastily straightened the most disordered ribbons on the counter and the rolls on the shelf in back of her, which she had carefully been displacing for the past seven and a half hours.

Emma Jean was waiting on the only customer, and down at the opposite end May was straightening the greeting cards. Miss Higsby went to her end of the counter and the pattern books.

Over a full skirted, tight bodiced dress she hesitated and glanced enviously across to counter C where Mrs. Wilson was serving a customer, her insolent body bulging from her tight dress. Miss Higsby, thin and flat, removed her awed gaze from Mrs. Wilson's charms and turned the page. She was again beginning the bridal section. Billowing white bridal dresses vied with the soft pastel attendant's gowns. To go down the church aisle with one of those on, with everybody looking on and admiring. She turned the page to her favorite and began the walk down the aisle. A regal, sweeping walk, holding a bouquet of red roses with a long ribbon streaming from their stems—

"Bet I know somebody who's going to be a little blushing bride."

Miss Higsby jumped and guiltily hunched her shoulders. She looked up at a woman standing before her, and was reassured by a warm cheery smile.

"Now, how'd you guess it?" said Miss Higsby coyly.

"Must have been that dreamy look in your eye."

(Continued on page 17)

SENTIMENTAL SLUSH

*I know not why the ivy twines.
I know not why the heart doth pine.
I find no trembly palpitations.
I find no wondrous operations.
I hew not iron-skinned fetters.
I sew not gilt-edged letters.
I'm too busy
With living.*

—TONI LUPTON.

CONCLUSIVE PROOF

*Waves and towers, towers waves
Roses scattered on the graves
Pygmies running through the deep
Golden harvests will we reap
Fires you burn and do not know
Being is and does not grow.*

*Sextons working in the shade
Cannot stop to clean the spade.*

—EMILY VANN.

ORDEAL

*The wind tears at the woman, and
She stands, knees bent a little,
Standing alone, alone in the wind.
When she tires and leans against
The wind, it laughs and leaps back,
And she sways. Her eyelids slip
Almost together, but the wind reaches the eyes
Then shoves away the tears. She must work
For breath, like drinking thick liquid.
The wind seizes her hair in little masses and
Snaps it back. It handles her face, runs fingers
Beneath her clothes, feels her body—not with
passion,
But drily, curiously. She can see nothing,
Only wind, a great prince of darkness,
Can hear nothing, only wind filling the sky with
Clashing cymbals and drum-sounds,
Can feel nothing, only wind, prying with great
hands
And sly fingers. She stands alone, the woman,
Alone with the wind, no sky, no earth there with
her.
She narrows her eyes and wonders, but the wind
Will not let her wonder, and its presence
Grows all around her, laughing, mocking, glaring,
Questioning, sneering, laughing, mocking, ques-
tioning . . .*

*There will be calm, and there will be earth again,
and
Sky. There may be nothing. There will be
Silence and air to breathe. There may be a woman
Lifting her head, straightening, growing broad-
shouldered and
Walking the earth.*

ELIZABETH DILTS.

BAILE MODERNA

*down two three four five six seven
contract stomach keep back strong
up two three four five six seven
you could have called
you could have called
you were here
you were here
you did not call you did not call*

*sigma frequency over N
equals arithmetic mean
deviation from true mean
totaled always equal zero
toss it from you
all right wither
push it out pull it in
you could have called you could have called*

*someone outside writes a bill
man in house will introduce
speaker send to ways and means
ways and means will pigeon hole
you did not call you did not call*

—MAUDIE WENKENBACH.

SYNAPSE

MOTIVATION
*As explanation
Of wearing new clothes
Of blowing the nose
Of dating
Of mating
Of reducing girth
Of giving birth
Satisfies
The need
To know
Why.
Why?
Is motivation
Motivated?
Did glands
Develop the man
I baited?
The romantic complex
Is physiological
So-called love
Is purely illogical
Sprung from no
Great interstitial.
Love is not,
Not official
Not scientific
Chemical balance
Is terrific
Produces
Change
Also mange
And Addison's disease.*

—NANCY KIRBY.

CHARACTER SKETCH

*Now I'm being objective,
For analytical purposes, you know;
He's a swell prospective beau,
But collective bargaining not permitted
For his name has been submitted
And claimed by this dame.
As I was about to say,
There's something in the way
He finds my heart
And finds another part of it that I never
had before
He gave it to me.
But then, I'm being objective.
Objectionable process.*

—TONI LUPTON.

I LOVE YOU, MARY MURDOCH

*I love you, Mary Murdoch,
In the new, clear day
I love to watch the breezes take
Your misted hair, and with it make
In curling gusts away.*

*And tell me, Mary Murdoch,
When the sunbeams pass
Do you reach out and take a few
And breathe their essence into you
And drop them on the grass?*

*I saw you, Mary Murdoch,
When you turned your eye
And freed the light for me to see
And touched my hand, nor heard my plea
Then drifted by.*

*With a light heart, Mary Murdoch,
Yet so heartless gay
You danced along my passionate soul
To this proud heart, nor left it whole
And netted it away—
And on the wind that followed you—
I thought I heard your laughter too.*

*I love you, Mary Murdoch,
But I let you go
To take my heart and walk along
The cloudways that you know.
A wild sprite with a free rein
Can wed the sun, and too disdain
The paths men go.
And, fleet-winged Mary Murdoch, learn
What taught me so.*

—BETTY STYRON.

*WHO cares what the day may bring!
What joy or sorrow—
We do not live in day;
Not in the sunlight,
Or in the shadow.
Not in the laughter
Or the tears.
The living comes after,
When turning to bed,
We sleep with peace,
Or lie sobbing
Quietly, upon
a pillow,
suddenly become
soggy.*

—BONNIE McCLOY.

CIRCLE

*At first,
Since your departure
Left me with no certainty
Save that of fear,
I sought conviction
In the lectures
And the sermons
Of the Learned Men,
Those truth-givers
(the rest being liars)
Who, masters of dogmatic reasoning,
Can speak in terms of black and white,
Ignoring gray. But later,
When confronted with the question
... and what do you believe ...
Asked with intensity
As if imperative
That one must know,
must feel,
must say,
God is this to me—
or—therefore I am a Republican—
or—that being right
without doubt
All else is wrong—*

*Later, when questioned,
To avoid confusion,
I escaped
Through a deserted dusk*

*Wherein, as now, against skies dark with rain,
the wind, dying in deep autumn,
flaunts the sole defiance
of a leaf in scarlet flight
across a city street;*

*So my revolt from barriers irreconcilable of war,
of distance—patterned by ungoverned seas
and field, square-cut into the land—
of time—close leashed,
with-held—*

*And thus, my love, despite diriding light of unseen
suns
upon an alien shore—so, swift, across a world,
bomb-sculptured into pain,
my quest for certainty
returns again to you.*

—JEAN JORGENSEN.



ARE YOU A MAJOR?

Or Is That Two Silver Bars I See?

By PAT ROTHROCK



MUSIC MAJORS—the third sex, the fourth dimension, the answer to Faust. I know, for I have roomed with one, and having roomed with one, I know them all; for they are a clan like unto the Campbells or the MacDonalds. They are one big, happy family.

They speak a jargon unintelligible to the average student. "Con spirato," "allegro moderato," "stropic," "adagio," "andante," and "marziale" season their conversation. And their roommates, who are lucky if they can play *The Blue Danube* (Beginners' version) or recognize wrong notes, stand around with mouths hanging open.

They pounce upon unsuspecting roommates, tell them of their neglected culture, end by having said roommates enrolled in Music Appreciation and Wagner, and laugh at said roommates when they can't tell the difference between Beethoven and Brahms, Debussy and Dvorak, Schumann and Schubert.

They are always in a hurry. I have yet to see a music major take life easy or walk down town. Trolleys were made for music majors who dash down town and back in a half hour flat.

They always stay in the "M. B." They don't even have time to say "Music Building." They attend numerous recitals and concerts and climax their course by giving graduating recitals over which they worry themselves sick and which they inevitably give exceedingly well.

They know no history and can't spell and always talk about how narrow-minded they are because they take no academic subjects. They are always "weeks behind in practice" and "haven't had a decent lesson in months."

They are ordinary human beings. My sister was a music major. I might have been one if I had practiced my scales, as Mother wanted me to, instead of playing cowboy and Indians, as I did.

HISTORY MAJORS are fine people. They are intelligent. They belong to the History Club and the Current Events Club and enjoy lectures about historical subjects.

They carry heavy books with long titles. Sometimes they look a bit anemic and have long faces because the books are heavy and because they spend so much time in the library, looking into more big books, getting longer faces, and becoming more anemic looking. Usually they are accumulating data because usually they are writing term papers. They write more term papers than any group on campus besides English majors.

They are the best paid group on campus since freshmen will pay any price to be tutored in European history. They do not spend their money foolishly, but subscribe to *Time*, *Fortune*, and *Harpers* and save the rest of it for the depression

which their economics course has taught them follows every war.

They—with the single exception of "Buffy" Clay who does not hold to the doctrine that history repeats itself—have an answer to the dilemma the world is in, for in 2005 B.C., these exact conditions existed and everything came out o.k. They know facts and figures, and will, if asked, give a concise resumé listing in order the steps which got us into war.

ECONOMICS MAJORS are first cousins to history majors and probably would talk about inflation, division of labor, and efficiency—except I don't know any.

B.S.S.A. MAJORS never make good stenographers. Fate is against them because they don't chew gum. They are inevitably worrying about accounting and shorthand and one hour courses which meet three times a week with only one cut.

When freshman theme time comes around, B.S.S.A. majors type themes for more than a nominal sum, and for a while are the Hetty Greens of the campus. They keep ledgers budgeting their money, and in their Senior year can produce itemized accounts of how their allowances for four years were spent.

They smile throughout their sophomore year since they are required to take only one year of foreign language. They "work like dogs on accounting and shorthand." I like B.S.S.A. majors.

LANGUAGE MAJORS frighten unsuspecting persons with: "Guten morgen," "Wie befinden zie sich," "Me alegro de verle," "Comment allez-vous?" They spout grotesque combinations of French, Spanish, Esperanto and the classic language, modern slang.

They carry little books containing conjugations, vocabularies, definitions, and declensions. They belong to Der Deutscher Verein, Sigma Delta Pi, and Le Cercle Français.

They get a kick out of writing letters in foreign languages so the censors won't cut things out. (Ed's note: Censors are all-wise, knowing "I love you" in every language.)

They go to all the French and Spanish movies and laugh at the jokes. Just plain students laugh only when others laugh.

HOME ECONOMICS MAJORS are scientists turned loose in the kitchen. They take so many sciences that they cook with scientific precision and measure ingredients to the 100th of a milligram. They are born cooks.

They are always having teas, labs, source books due tomorrow which they haven't begun, lab practicals, and nervous breakdowns.

They carry suitcases around all week making students think they are just leaving and returning (Continued on page 16)

FACULTY FOOTNOTES

Each member of Mr. Hall's eight o'clock botany class has a tree which is to be used throughout the year for scientific observation. Recently Mr. Hall asked that a branch of said tree be brought to class. Therefore, sophomore Vici DeVoe groped through a dreary dawn, one eye open, to her tree: *Ulmus Americana*, American Elm, which grows in front of South Spencer. Vici, weak from lack of sleep and breakfast, struggled with the tree and finally managed to wrench off six feet of sturdy branch. Her entrance with the branch balanced on one shoulder brought roars of laughter from the members of the class, each of whom cradled a twig of small size in her hand. Vici hastily broke off a piece of her branch and shoved the rest behind her as Mr. Hall began inspecting the other specimens. At last her twig came up for examination. "I think there's something wrong with my tree, Mr. Hall," gasped DeVoe. "It hasn't any buds!" Mr. Hall twirled the miniature branch in the air, looked at it from all angles and then slowly, and with deliberation, broke it into small pieces over her head. "Something certainly is wrong, my child. This is *dead* wood, and," Mr. Hall continued, looking fixedly at Vici, "We don't want any dead wood in this class!"

During the days of the Depression when an English professorship was not very lucrative, Dr. Rogers accepted the invitation of a Cleveland cinema owner, and agreed to lecture on a literary subject following the regular showing of a movie on the screen. Patronesses of the Saturday afternoon *matinée* were guaranteed an hour of entertainment and an hour of culture by the sign which appeared in lights over the theater marquee: "Two Nights of Love and Winfield H. Rogers."

Mr. Painter had explained at length, to a class of struggling sophomores, the beginning of Hell as Milton depicted it in *Paradise Lost*. After a pause a student on the third row who was still in doubt asked plaintively, "But, Mr. Painter, what was Chaos made up of?" Mr. Painter, weary of logical explanation, resorted to more descriptive methods. "Sprung bobby pins, rusty bathtubs, lumps of coal and old overshoes!" he yelled in reply.

Within a paper bag, protected by a glass jar, resides a garter snake which Miss Inez Coldwell of the Science Department keeps as a pet in her office. Before Biology students can

finish the course properly they are required to handle Leonnord, the snake. To encourage reluctant students, Miss Coldwell herself winds the snake around her wrist and softly whistles "Moonlight and Roses." The charmed Leonnord responds by waving his tail in perfect time to the music. When Miss Taylor heard about Miss Coldwell's Leonnord she commented: "If the rubber shortage keeps up, we'll all need garter snakes!"

Dr. Hiram Haydn has developed a most effective method of keeping his classes stimulated and awake. It is based on a refined skill in acrobatics. Haydn strides into class, slams his book on the desk, clambers on the back of a chair, and perches there. The class is so concerned for his sense of balance that all eyes are focused on him with grim concentration. However, if the pleasure of this intent audience is brief, Haydn jumps on the desk or, in a more languid mood, reclines on it, resting his elbows on Webster's dictionary. Thus the class is seduced into a listening attitude, if nothing else.

Chemistry major Marge Hand was lolling in front of the Science Building when a student wrapped in a business-like rubber apron emerged and, with a sweet smile, asked if she would like to have her blood tested. Hand, interested and glad to oblige, replied that she would. However, her good will toward science majors left her unprepared for the long needle which was jabbed into her favorite finger. After five embryo scientists had drained the unsuspecting donor, a sixth student rushed up and, frantic with haste, probed the tortured finger. But it was soon evident that Hand's blood supply had given out. "Oh!" wailed the student, reproachfully, "You haven't any blood left for my plasma test!" Marge, with the objectivity of the scientific spirit, tried to be sympathetic, but the sense of injury won. She smiled weakly, looked again at the aproned needle-bearer, and retreated. Basically, Marge's faith in science remains unshaken, but when approached on the subject, she advises that those students who do not bleed freely should refrain from loitering around the Science Building.

English major Carol Van Sickle had devoted three weeks of hard labor to the study of Jean Jacques Rousseau in preparation for a research paper on that Frenchman's philosophy. But the meaning of some of his theories still eluded her, so she took her problems to Miss Summerell, the umpire of the Creative Writing class. After vain attempts to clarify the situation, Miss Summerell protested: "But, Carol, how can you

help but know all about Rousseau? You've been practically living with the man for three weeks!"

It was a Monday morning—raining, of course. Everyone in the Home Ec. class was gazing with half-opened eyes at the blackboard. Everyone, that is, except the teacher who was expounding on the subject of vitamins A, B, and C. Noting the strange silence over the classroom as she asked a question, she finally remarked: "It seems that instead of studying A, B, C, over the week-end, you have been studying B.T.C."

Mr. Hall, disgusted with his class for not following his line of thought, one day bellowed: "I guess it would have to snow in here before you'd get the drift!"

THE FEDERAL UNION IDEA

(Continued from page 6)

"The task of setting up federal world government will be tremendous, but that is all the more reason for us to begin now. Let us not be so beset by the problems that we never begin. Our biggest problem will be in winning over individual prejudice and building up a popular demand for federation. I can tell you now that the Chinese and others who have seen what war really is will not be hard to convince. They

are desperate in their desire to end war. But what of those Americans who never have been bombed? Will they be a stumbling-block or the leaders in bringing about federation? Their material strength will place them in a position for leadership, but with the world as a frontier they will need a new pioneer spirit in order to make peace lasting."

After Hilda Yen had finished her speech on that snowy day a year ago, the students went out to tackle the big problem of winning over individual prejudice and building up a popular demand for federation. They worked harder than ever before at starting Student Federalist chapters, and they spent their summer vacations earning money in order to print the Student Federalist newspaper. By the fall of 1943 the movement for Federal Union had spread to St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland; the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, Carleton College, Minnesota, and Yale University.

At the Federal Union Convention held in Illinois from November 12-14, Student Federalists made plans for their work in the coming year. At this same convention they again found Hilda Yen. They were so happy to be with her and were having such a hearty conversation with her on the train returning from the convention that a sailor bound for the Great Lakes Training Station remarked to them, "Hearing you talk about this Federal Union idea makes me happy, too." Then the students knew that the work they had planned for the coming year would not be in vain. They would be the ones to live in the future world and see a third world war, unless something was done to prevent it; but they also knew that since

"The mighty oak with each leaf grew,
So Union Now depends on you."

ARE YOU A MAJOR?

(Continued from page 14)

ing from extended week-ends. These contain complete equipment for the construction of an entire wardrobe.

Early in the semester they are assigned coats and suits to make. Blissfully they run around ignoring approaching deadlines, and end by staying up all night sewing crooked seams.

They spend four years worrying about what elective they will take in their senior year when they have six hours of electives.

They well know the way to a man's heart and most of them sport left-hand third finger rings to prove it. Say, is it too late to change my major?

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for the boys in service

MONTALDO'S

PSYCHOLOGY MAJORS get more fun out of their money even than physical ed majors. They learn how people learn by watching rats learn.

They are inevitably highly intelligent. Religiously they conduct surveys and administer tests. They are happy because they are in the know and can bribe their friends by threatening to write home and inform parents of the true condition of their offspring.

They are mental Superwomen, potential Wundts, Watsons, Dasheills, or Barkleys. I would like to be a psychology major.

DOUBLE MAJORS are out of this world.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION MAJORS spend half their time in house meetings urging students to come out for sports. The rest of the 28 hours in their day they play badminton, tennis, soccer, and darts. They swim, dive, build pyramids, and tumble. At 5 o'clock they blow a whistle and play badminton, tennis, soccer, and darts. P. E. major's days are never ended. At night they coach basketball, take and teach first aid and life-saving and make booklets on any and everything under the sun. On Sports Day and Gym Night they work five times as hard as they do any other day.

They are always having final exams in the middle of the semester. They deserve our pity because they have them at the end of the semester too.

They have more energy than any other group on campus. On week-ends they go to Camp Ahut-forfun, where they play softball and row boats.

Each spring they inevitably get tanned beautifully before anybody else even gets pink.

ENGLISH MAJORS go around under the illusion that theirs is the most important major since the college catalogue states that proficiency in written and spoken English is a requirement for graduation. They utter profound statements . . . which occasionally mean something—but other people are not advised to look for it.

They have aspirations of getting into publishing houses and of writing novels. They take numerous writing courses. I do not understand them. I'm one.

P.S.—I never knew a physics major.

A WIDER WORLD

(Continued from page 11)

The woman before her was vitally old. Her white hair was fingerwaved flat and stiff and she wore a lavender hat trimmed with pink rosebuds. Her face was powdered dead white, and her cheeks were tinged with a pale pink, as were her lips. It was a soft, girlish rose-pink, but a death-pink also on the ashy white, withered skin. Her dress was lavender, stylishly made and fitted. Its satin shininess seemed to shed the waves of perfume which hit Miss Higsby and made her breathe in deeply.

"I'll betcha you're a good Catholic, aren't you, honey?" The woman winked.

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"I'm a Methodist," said Miss Higsby indignantly.

The woman smiled. "I see you and me'll get along just fine, honey." She reached down and brought up on the counter a brown leather satchel which she opened with hasty furtiveness.

"How about some good literature, honey?"

"Literature?"

The woman prodded around in her satchel hurriedly and drew out several little booklets.

"Here we are, honey." She put them into Miss Higsby's unwilling hand. "You're goin' to be mighty interested in them booklets I guess," and she winked insinuatingly.

Miss Higsby held the books out to her. "I ain't got any money to spend for any old books. Go on and take them away."

The woman's face took on an exaggeratedly indignant expression. "Why, honey, I'm not trying to sell you those. I just want you to have them out of the goodness of my heart. And you want to know something?" She leaned closer across the counter and her furtive eyes looked into Miss Higsby's pale, doubtful blue ones. "Them things is a whole education. Almost as good as bein' married," she said with another wink.

"Well, thanks, then." Miss Higsby stood up straight. "I got to wait on that lady." She hurriedly left the woman, leaving the pamphlets on the counter and seeing, with relief, that the woman snatched them up.

When she had finished with the customer, Miss Higsby realized that the woman in the lavender dress had moved up the counter to her. She saw Mr. Hastings two counters down talking to one of the salesgirls. If he came over he might tell her that visiting hours were after work. She couldn't lose her job now, and it made her brave.

"My boss is coming this way and I can't talk to you any more."

The woman pressed the pamphlets back in her hand and hurriedly closed her leather case. "You're sure right, honey. This ain't the place to discuss such an important subject anyway. I tell you what, you meet me after work, it ain't but a few minutes, and I'll give you some important information. I got a few little samples you might be interested in too." She smiled kindly and patted Miss Higsby's arm with a plump moist hand. "That side door O.K.?"

Miss Higsby nodded meekly. The woman patted her arm again in cozy, secretive comradeship and walked away with swift mincing steps.

Miss Higsby stood motionless with the booklets in her hand, staring after the lavender figure. She was again near the patterns, and finally, dropping her eyes, she stared into the face of the girl in the wedding dress. She was a beautiful bride, with a young joyous face and a perfect figure in shimmering satin. She still stood motionless, staring, when Emma Jean came up and with a knowing little snicker prodded her shoulder.

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"Ain't she a card? How about it, dearie, are you a Catholic? Don't you want some lityrachure? What I never did get though was how the old buzzard can always smell out when a girl's engaged."

May rushed up. She and Emma Jean burst into peals of laughter. Miss Higsby still stood motionless and the girls turned to her with renewed laughter. "Leave the fun and take all the worry out of marriage. That's her motto, I bet."

"Mine too," giggled Emma Jean. "Why, what's the matter, kid?"

Miss Higsby gave a shuddering sob. The pamphlets dropped to the floor, and, covering her face with her hands, she began to cry. She cried almost silently, but the tear drops wet her fingers and dropped between them, splashing the pattern book bride in her virginal gown. They covered her bright diamond, and the water magnified it, so that it shone, gleaming with a cold orange fire.

AND WITH EACH SPRING

(Continued from page 7)

On summer evenings the soldiers relax on the rocks and lay blankets on the sand. There is the murmur of their chatter, and the hissing

whisper of their cigarettes when they flip them into the water.

In the moonlight the camp on the point is beautiful, alone and silent, except for the swish of the waves, and perhaps the hum of soldiers singing on the beach.

But in the daytime, hot sun and heavy boots burn the soil. Warm sap runs freely from the barrack walls.

The tar is liquidly on the roofs, the few remaining goldenrod, and wild aster are limp.

And there is another fall. More than ever the ground is scarred, scarred by human feet and army trucks.

In the winter the ground cracks open and brittle leaves, scraps of a home town newspaper are frozen in it.

The beach is sooty from cannon smoke. There are charred places on the rocks; and bits of splintered shot, seaweed and dead horse shoe crabs lie wedged in the sand.

But the winter clouds bring snow again, clean, deep snow, thick, white snow.

And with each spring the point is green and fresh again.

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WALKER AND TATE

CAMP TO CAMPUS

(Continued from page 9)

tall royal palms rustling in the Trade Winds, swimming pools, sunlight, miles of chalk-white beaches and the most incredible blue-green water. Inside, the castle is done in medieval style with great timbered ceiling, enormous stone fire places and stained glass windows. My own room has big French windows, opening on a little filigree iron balcony with a view at night of the big tropical moon over the ocean.

There's a wonderful gang of fellows here—we're practically blood brothers. We study, hold informal seminars, and work in our laboratories until evening when we eat in the officer's club down stairs, go to the movie in the auditorium, repair to the club bar for a beer or two, and roll a friendly game of dice among ourselves—all under the same roof. It's like being on a "tight little isle" with boon companions.

KEY WEST, FLORIDA.

I've flown a good many missions out to sea. We have bombing planes of all sorts at our disposal and fly often in connection with our work. I've been way out into the Caribbean, down over the Bahamas, and far out to sea. The water out there is light and translucent, and one can see far down to sunken coral islands, rustling ships, and even a German submarine or two. I sometimes lie in the tail gunner's compartment by the hour, my face to the glass floor, just fascinated by it all: toy ships way down, islands with swank homes, yachts at landings, little people on tennis courts, and navy planes dive-bombing. All our flights are really vivid and amazing to this land-bird.

CAMP WHEELER, GA.

"... I am glad that you are at W. C. and know you like being on the campus. Mary's 'darling' bedspreads sound just too too darling, darling. But, darling, what in the hell is dotted swiss?"

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University of North Carolina

Greensboro, North Carolina

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